A DREADFUL QUARREL.

By Margaret B. Ramsey.

The three were next door neighbors—
Bobby and Bessie and Kate—
And a tale that is truly shocking
Of them I'll now relate.

Bessie and Kate were sisters,
And each was a "darling pet";
Kate a dainty blonde was,
And Bessie a gay brunette.

Bobby lived at the house next door;
A frolicsome little fellow,
With roguish eyes of golden brown
And curls so soft and yellow.

He went to the home of the two one day,
Before they had finished their dinner,
And greedily drank their bowl of milk—
The naughty little sinner!

The sisters were very angry then,
And fought him shamefully,
Till little Bob, in fright and dread,
Ran hastily away.

But next day he returned again,
And chased them spitefully,
And frightened them until they climbed
To the top of the maple tree.

Now, Bessie and Kate, you see, were cats
Belonging to Winifred Bogg;
And Bobby, of course you understand,
Was the next door neighbor's dog.

GRANDMA'S PICKET GUARD.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet, and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Wilfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room, and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow; but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook:

"We must keep the doorbell from ringing, if possible."

"I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

"Grandma is very sick," said Wilfred. "Nobody must ring the bell."

The lady smiled but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

"Grandma is sick and mamma doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long the people came. It seemed to Wilfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Wilfred would not leave his post.

"Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat it here," he said.

At last the doctor came again. When he came back again he smiled down upon Wilfred and said:

"Well, little picket guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier."

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

When Wilfred went in on tiptoes his grandma thanked him with a kiss, and he was a very happy boy that night.—The Presbyterian.

WHY FATHER'S DINNER WAS LATE.

"Now, be careful," cautioned mother, as she handed Clara and Fritz a basket covered with a dainty napkin. "Don't cross the tracks in front of a train or an engine."

Father was very busy that day at the factory trying to finish some doors for a new house, and he had asked mother to send his dinner down by the chilrden.

Clara and Fritz promised to be careful, and they went down the street playing "The boat came loaded with—" They were as far as "H," when they came to the tracks.

"Stop," Clara cried suddenly, and she pulled back on her side of the basket. "You are forgetting what mother said. Don't cross the tracks in front of an engine or a train," she reminded him.

Fritz looked up quickly, and, sure enough, there was a monster engine. "Let's sit on the edge of the walk and wait until it goes away," he suggested.

The game went on to the end, but the engine stayed.

"I hope father's coffee won't get cold," said Clara, anxiously, as they started a new game.

They did not know that father had looked out of the shop door twice to see if they were coming. The third time he stepped out on the walk, and he caught sight of a familiar straw hat and some short brown curls.

"Why don't you come on with my dinner?" he asked when he was within calling distance. There was annoyance in the tone, for he thought the children had just stopped to play.

The children stared in surprise. "Mother said not to cross in front of an engine," and Clara pointed to the one on the track. "We are waiting for it to go on."

Then father laughed and laughed, while the children looked at him in astonishment. "That engine won't run over you," he said, wiping his eyes. "There is no fire in it and nobody to run it. That kind of an engine is called a 'dead' engine. I guess I would have starved if you had waited until it moved on." He lifted Clara and Fritz up to look at the "dead" engine, and they laughed, too.

"The children did just as they were told, anyway, and that was the important thing," said mother.—Sarah N. McCreery, in Sunday School Times.

THE MACHINE WITHOUT THREAD.

"I like to sew when there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easily," said a little girl.

A good many people, I think, are pretty fond of running their machines without thread.

When I hear a boy talking very largely of the grand things he would do if he only could and if things and circumstances were only different, and then neglecting every daily duty and avoiding work and lessons, I think he is running his machine without any thread.

When I see a girl very sweet and pleasant abroad, ready to do anything for a stranger, and cross and disagreeable in her home, she, too, is running her machine without any thread.

Ah, this sewing without thread is very easy indeed, and the life machine will make a great buzzing! But labor, time, and force, will in the end be far worse than lost.—The Friend for Boys and Girls.